HUMDINGER
#5
THE VISUAL AFFRONTERY ISSUE
Erm... I am, pookie...
Oh, honey, really. Who's afraid of Daniel Clowes?
SOAP

Here it goes, "Humdinger" #5! Gee whiz, you guys really missed me, didn't you?? No, I know you didn't, and yet here I am anyway!! Well, at least you all won't have to read a lot of my ramblings this go around. Yes, that's correct: my words shan't deafen your ears this month. This month, January of 2026, I will give you for the sole purpose of gathering your reading strength for February. This month, however, will be more image heavy than any issue of "Humdinger" heretofore published. Here are some of the visual products of my overworked andd depraved mind. Most of these drawings were done during fifteen-minute br lunch breaks. You couldn't tellkcould you??? I thought not. Anyway, for better or worse, here are some selected pieces from the past few months. If at any point during your viewing 6f these images you think to yourself "I could draw better than this lummox any day of the week," you are correct. But don't you just admire the gumption??? Someone who has no business in the drawring game proliferating his mediocrity to three or four unsuspecting victims, hopefully the blind. For those who can still see, there's no point in seeking litigation: I don't have much money, but it doesn't like me much anyway, so you o could probably convince it to scalp me just out of spite.

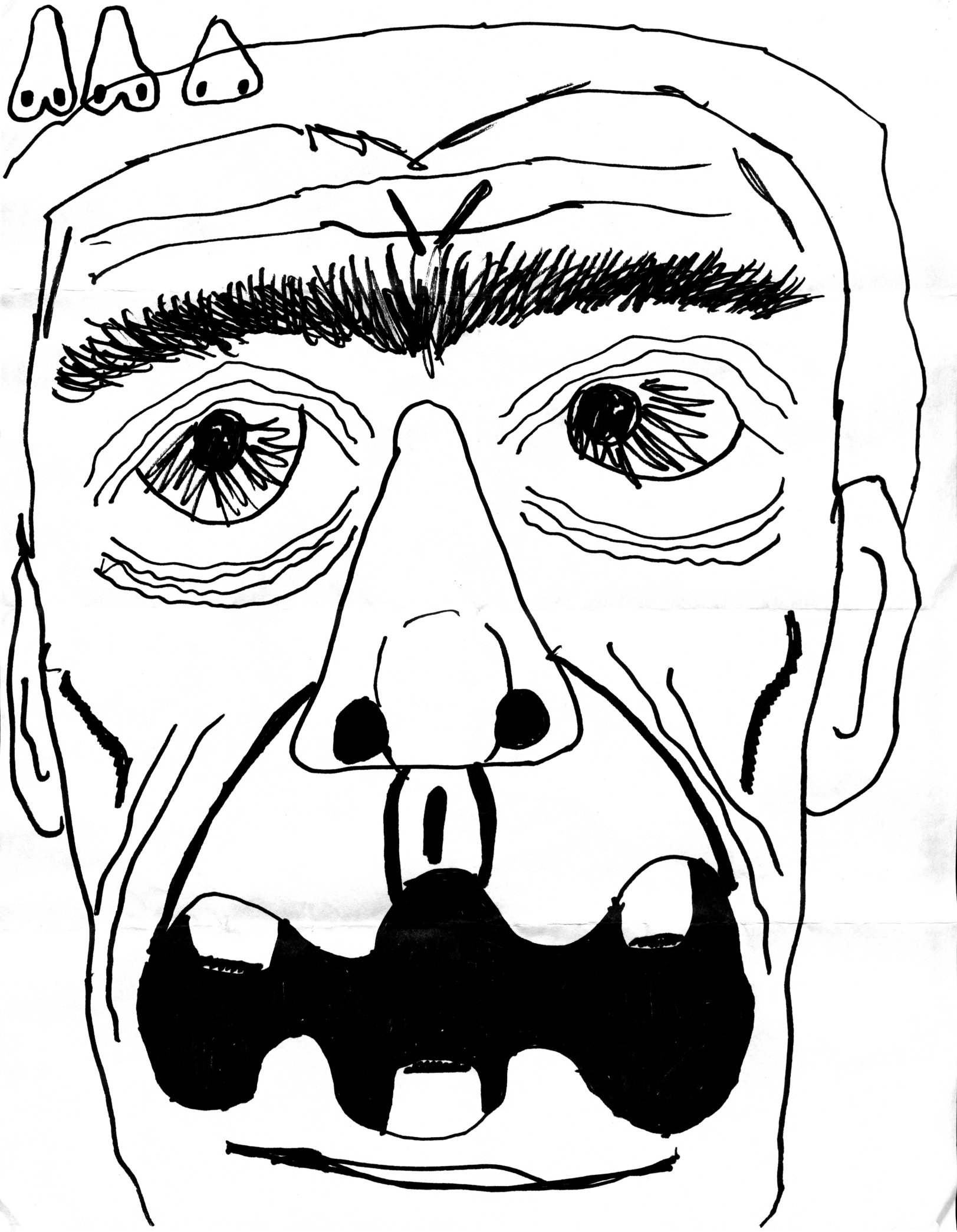
Anyway, I hope you enjoy the drawrings, and for those of you still blessed with sight, you will see me (and the darndest words) in February!

Swimmingly,

Vincent McVincent

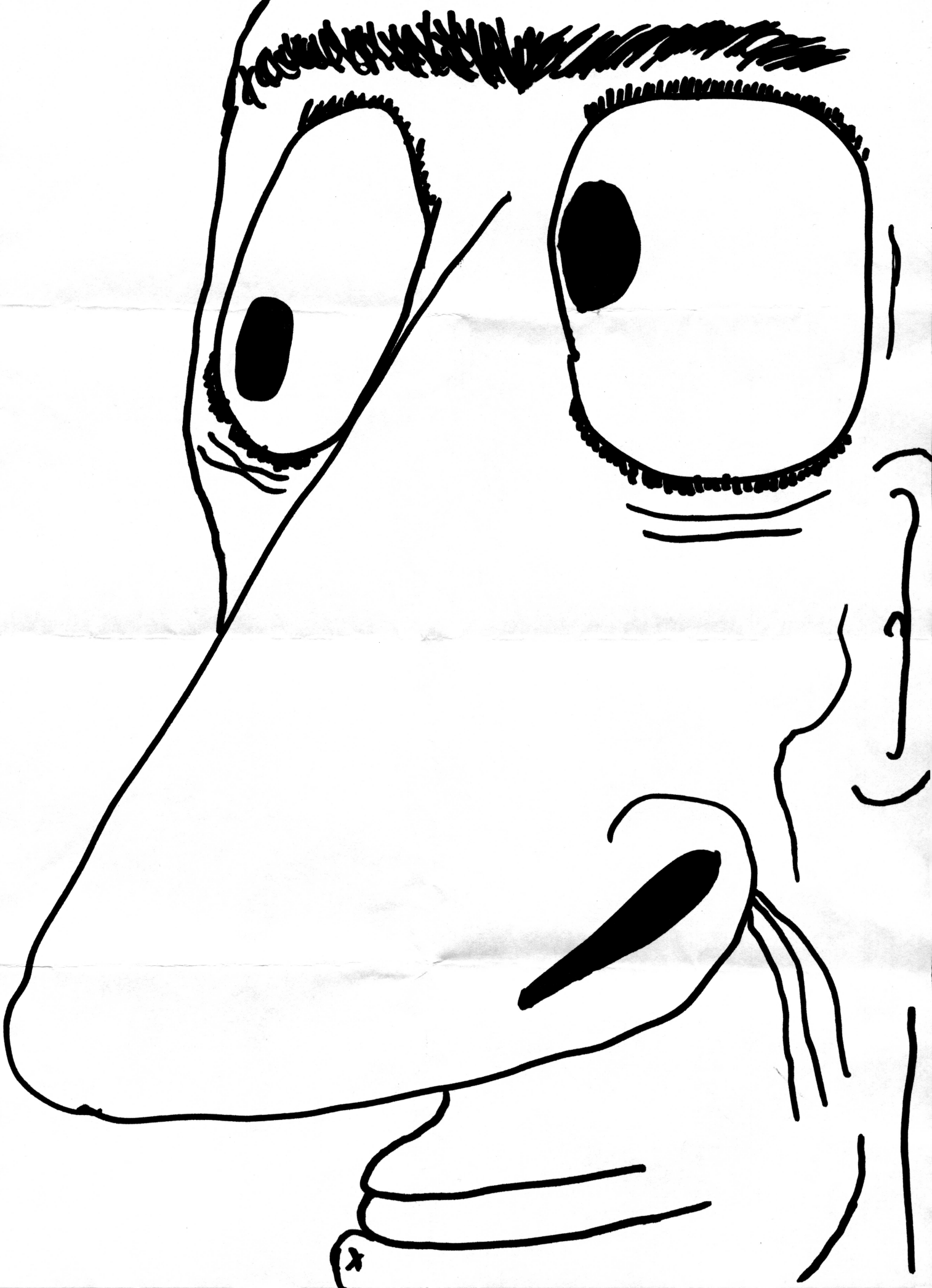
P.S. Please pardon this rambling...

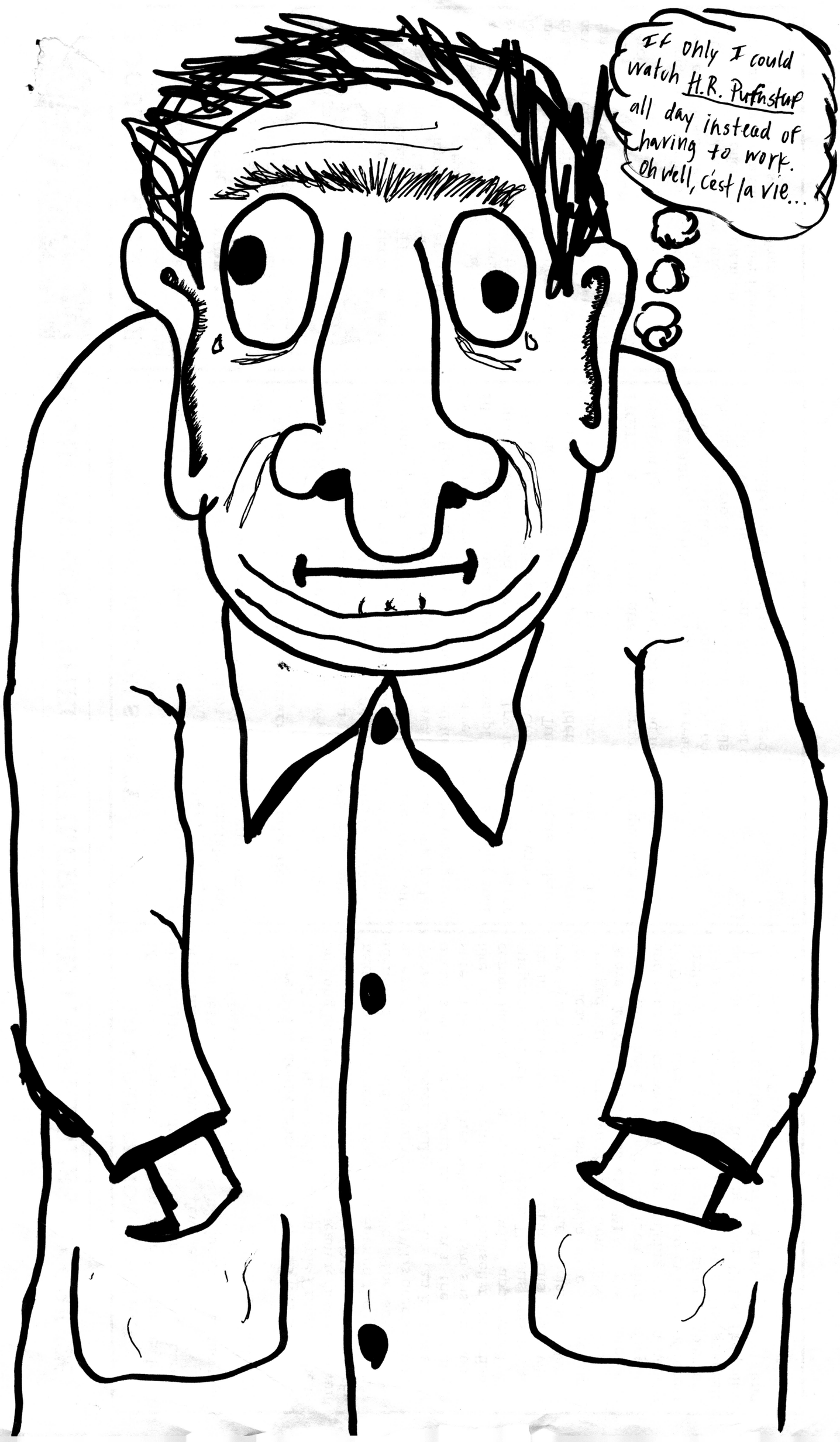
FRANKEN-STEIN'S MONSTER



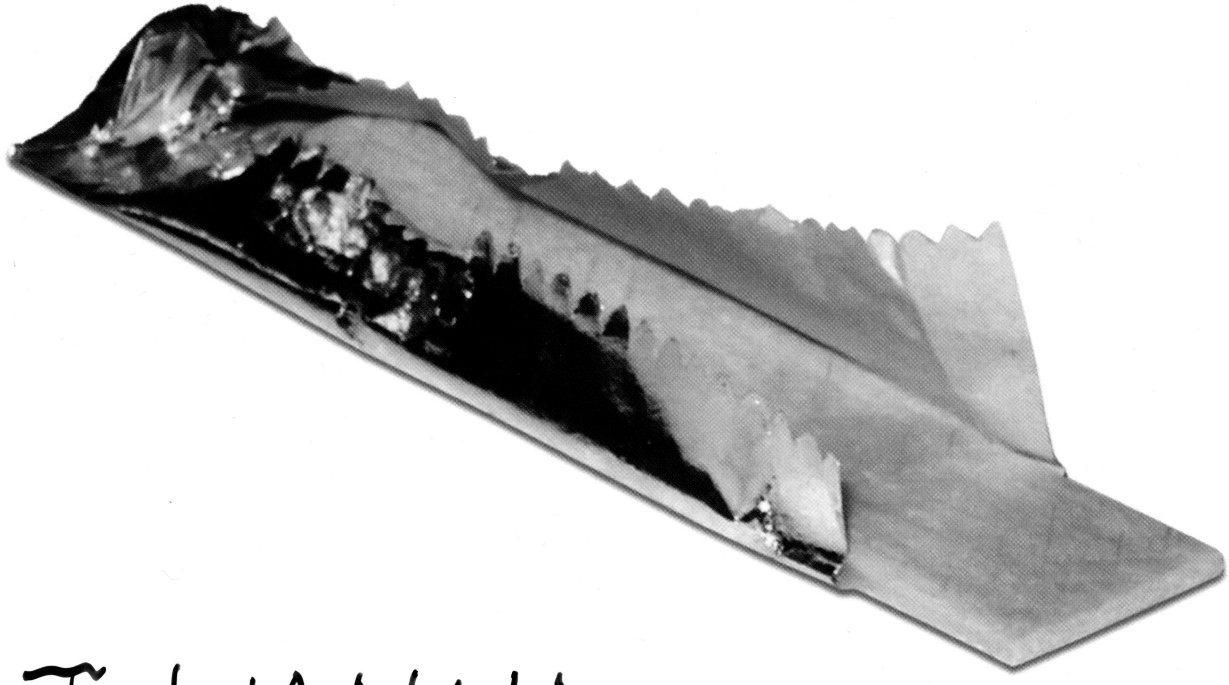
CONEXIÓN

Woah, woah, woah! Youive never heard of the Ormond Org.? I fear for this flummoxed generation...
BOOF




If only I could watch H.R. Pufnstuf all day instead of having to work. Oh well, c'est la vie...

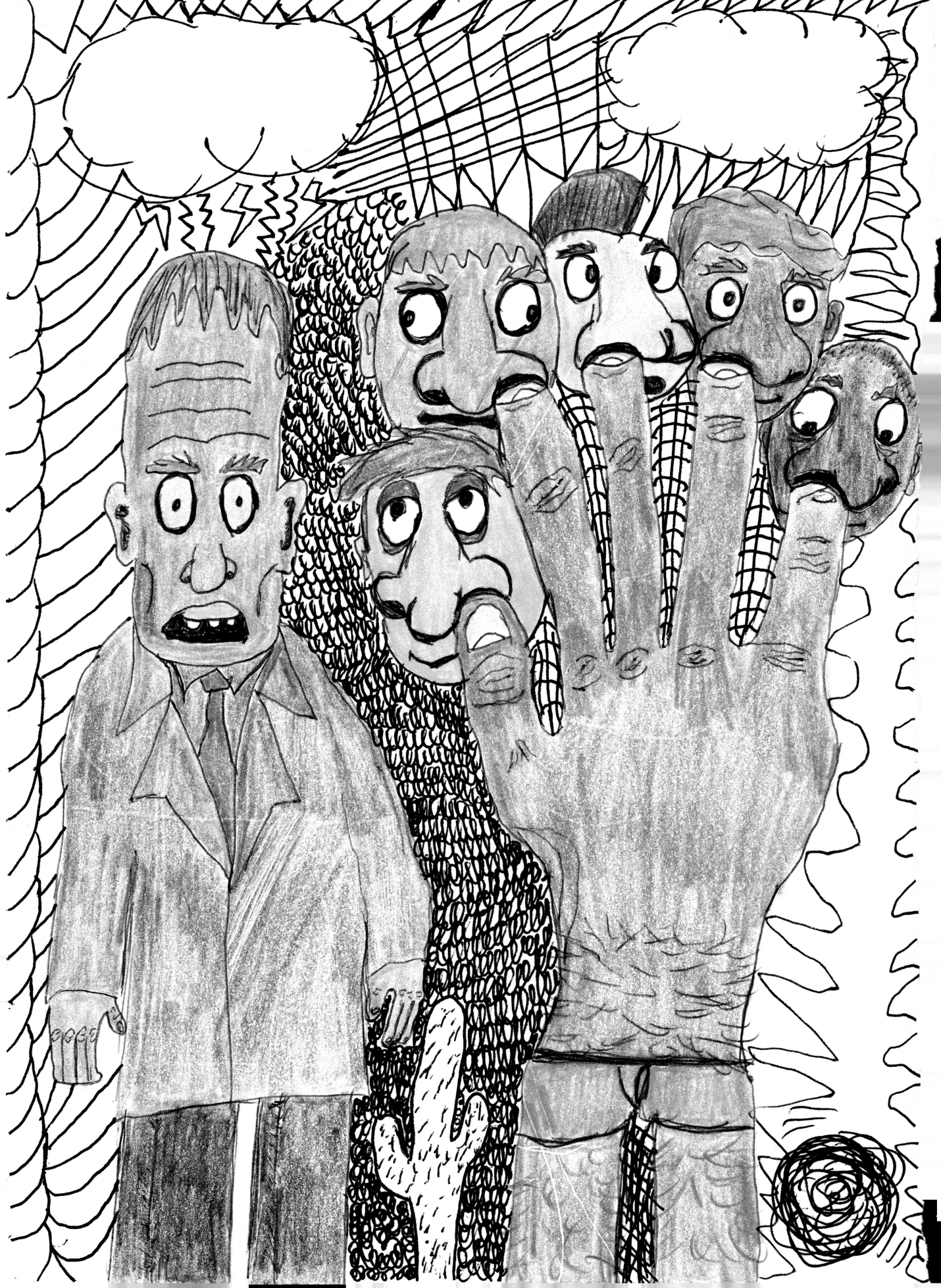
FOLLY
FAB

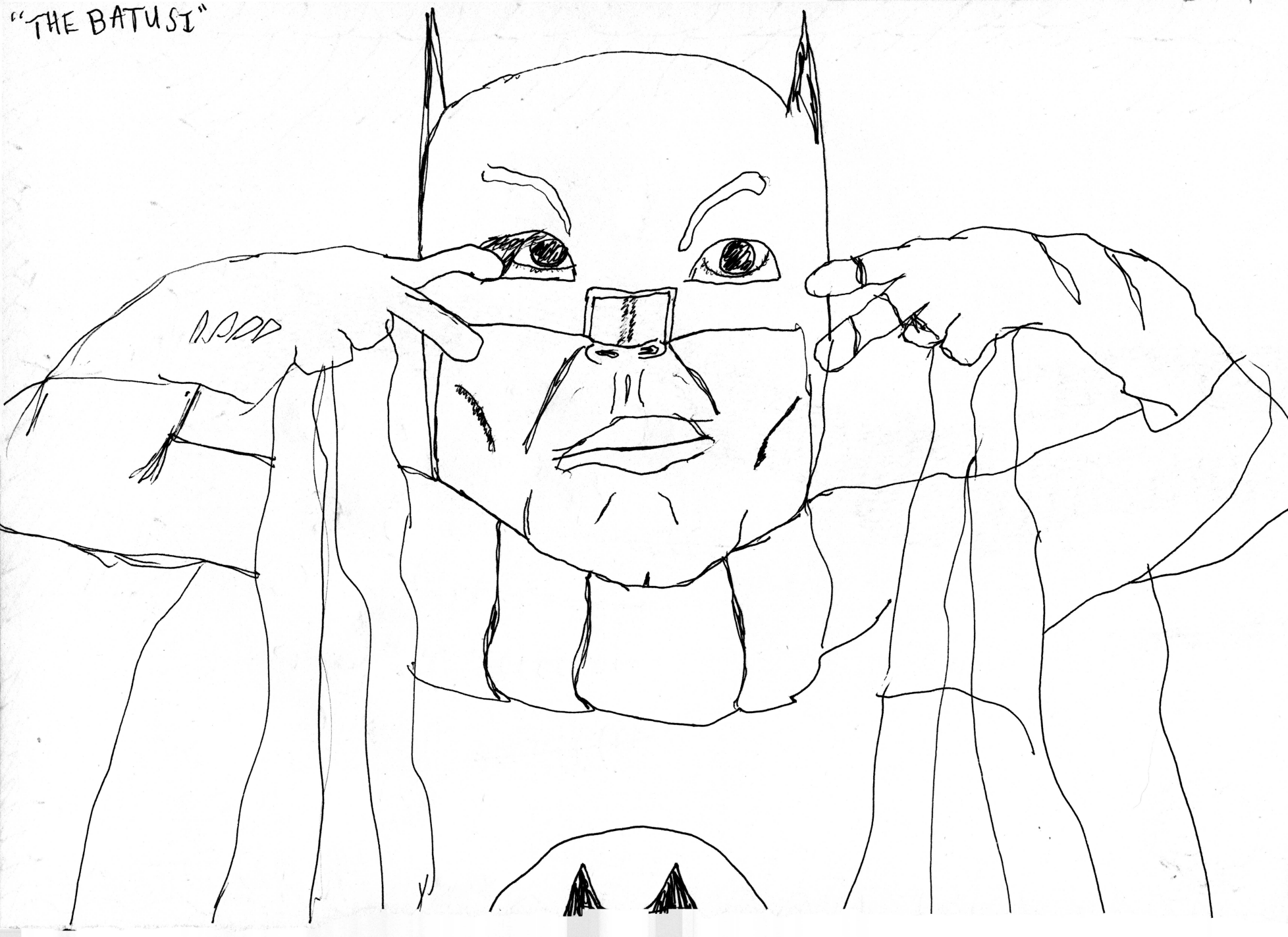


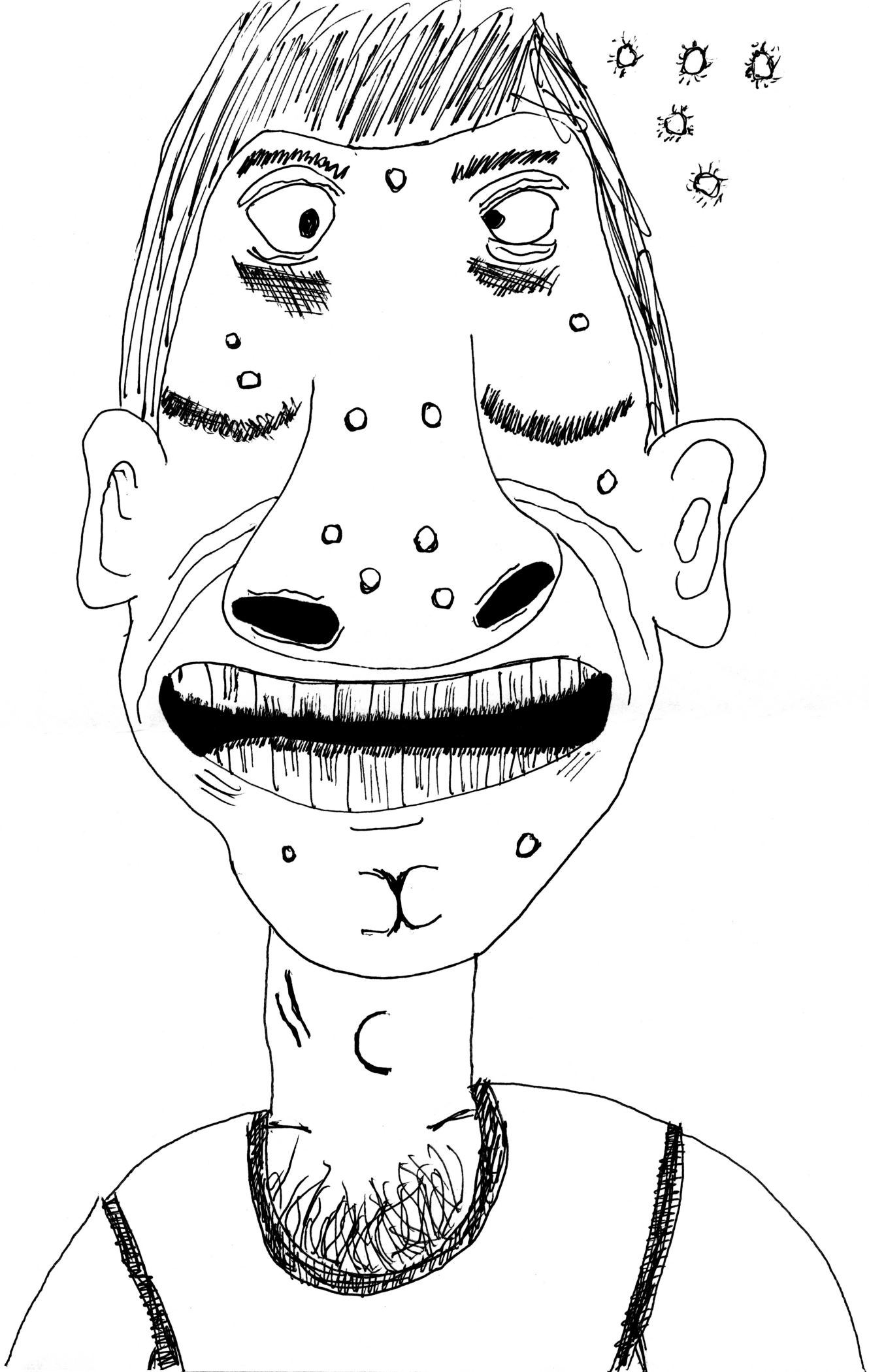
I WANNA CHEW YOU LIKE A PIECE OF GUM, GNAW ON YOU UNTIL I CAN STRETCH YOU OVER MY TEETH.

THE G SPOT
ED MALONE
GYPSY HAVEN

At least I have a Carpenters song stuck in my head...



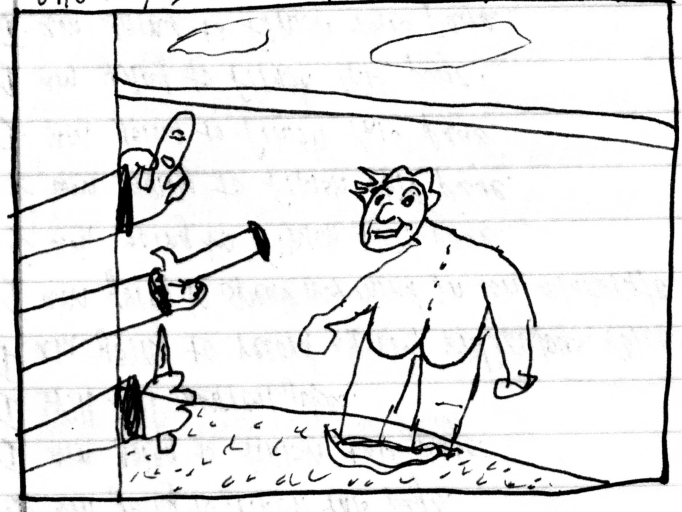

"THE BATUSI"



I sneak into peoples' houses while they're away, snake their drains, & dine on what I pull out...

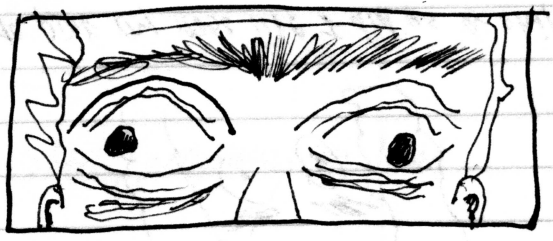
Let's just hope, Robin, that The Scribbler has heard the phrase "an eye for an eye!"
Holy Hammurabi, Batman!!

One day I found myself mooning a firing squad.

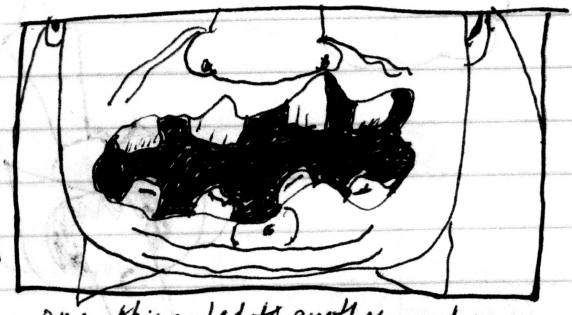


I don't know why my pants were down.

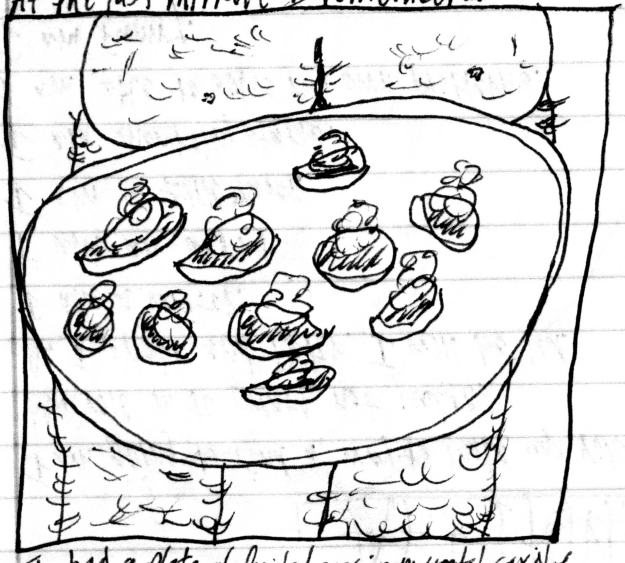
I guess I'd challenged someone to a tiddlywinks match... to the death, and somehow I'd lost.



I had to think fast if I was to survive.



At the last minute I remembered



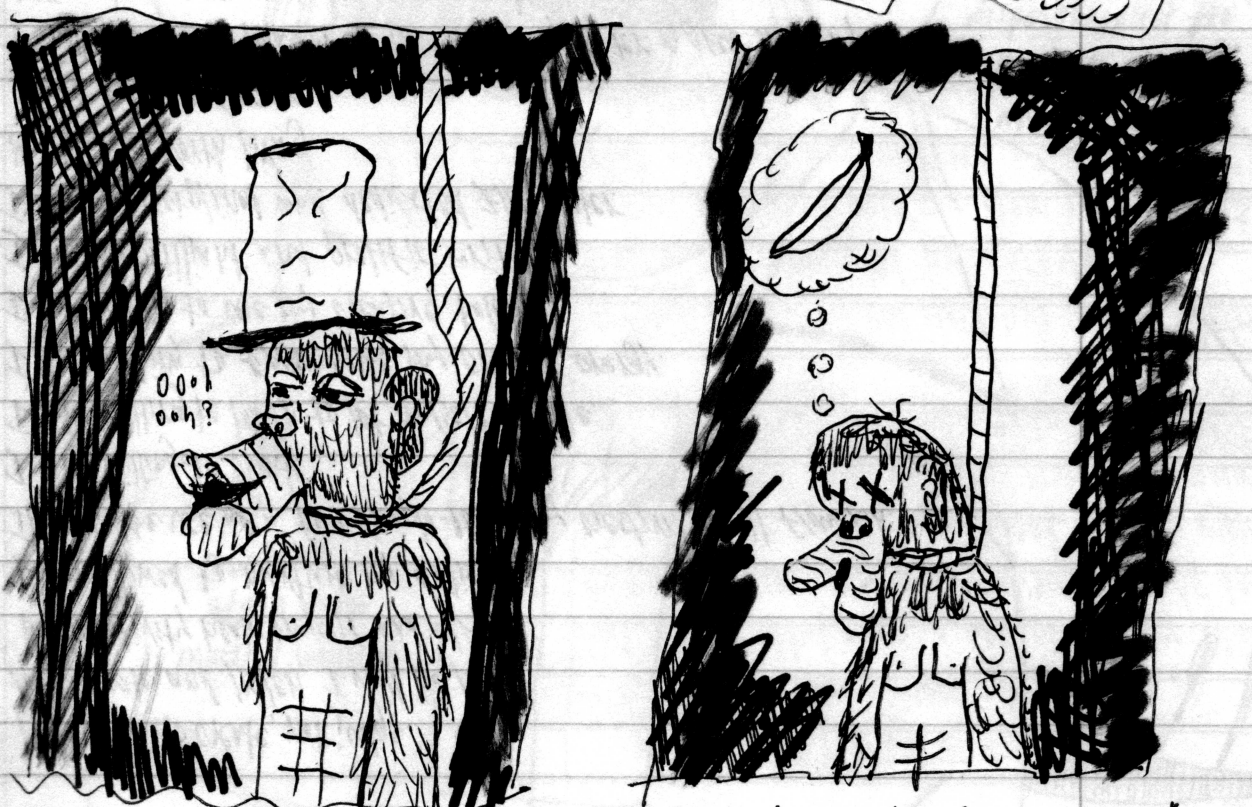
I had a plate of deviled eggs in my rectal cavity

one thing led to another and now

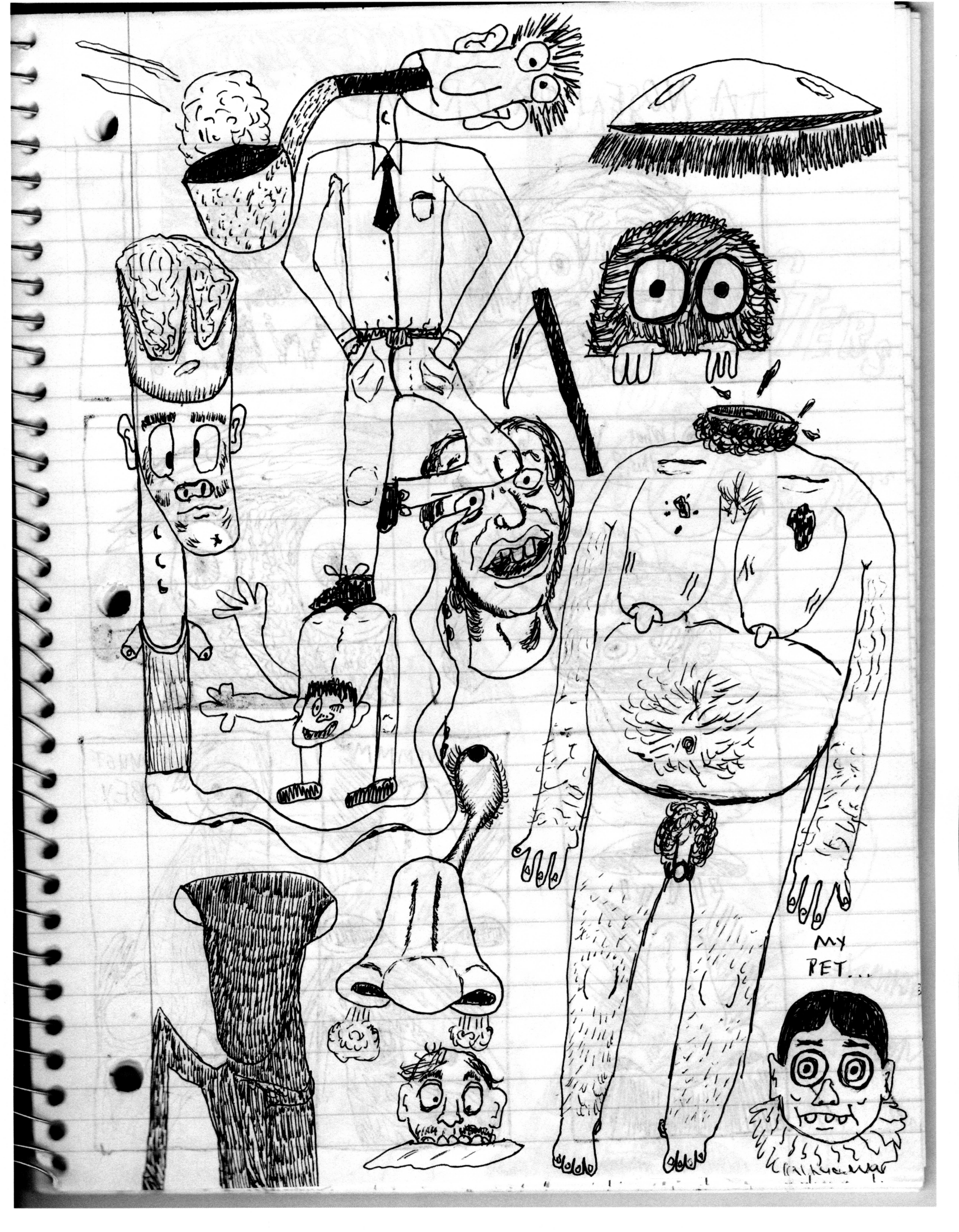
I'm pregnant!

THE MONKEY GOES BANANAS by VMV

12/22/25



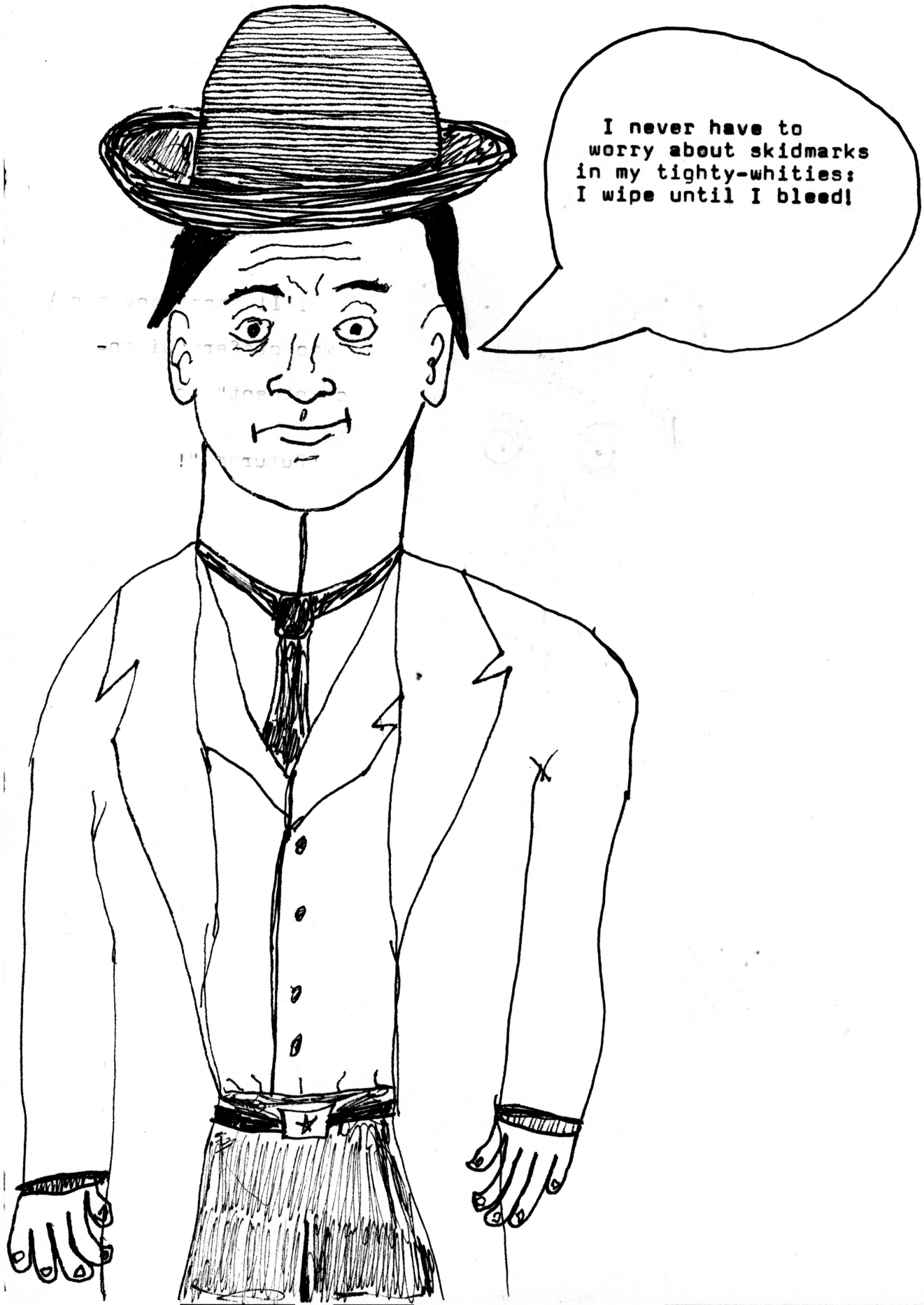
His name was Bub, and he was in desperate need of some grub.


MY
PET...

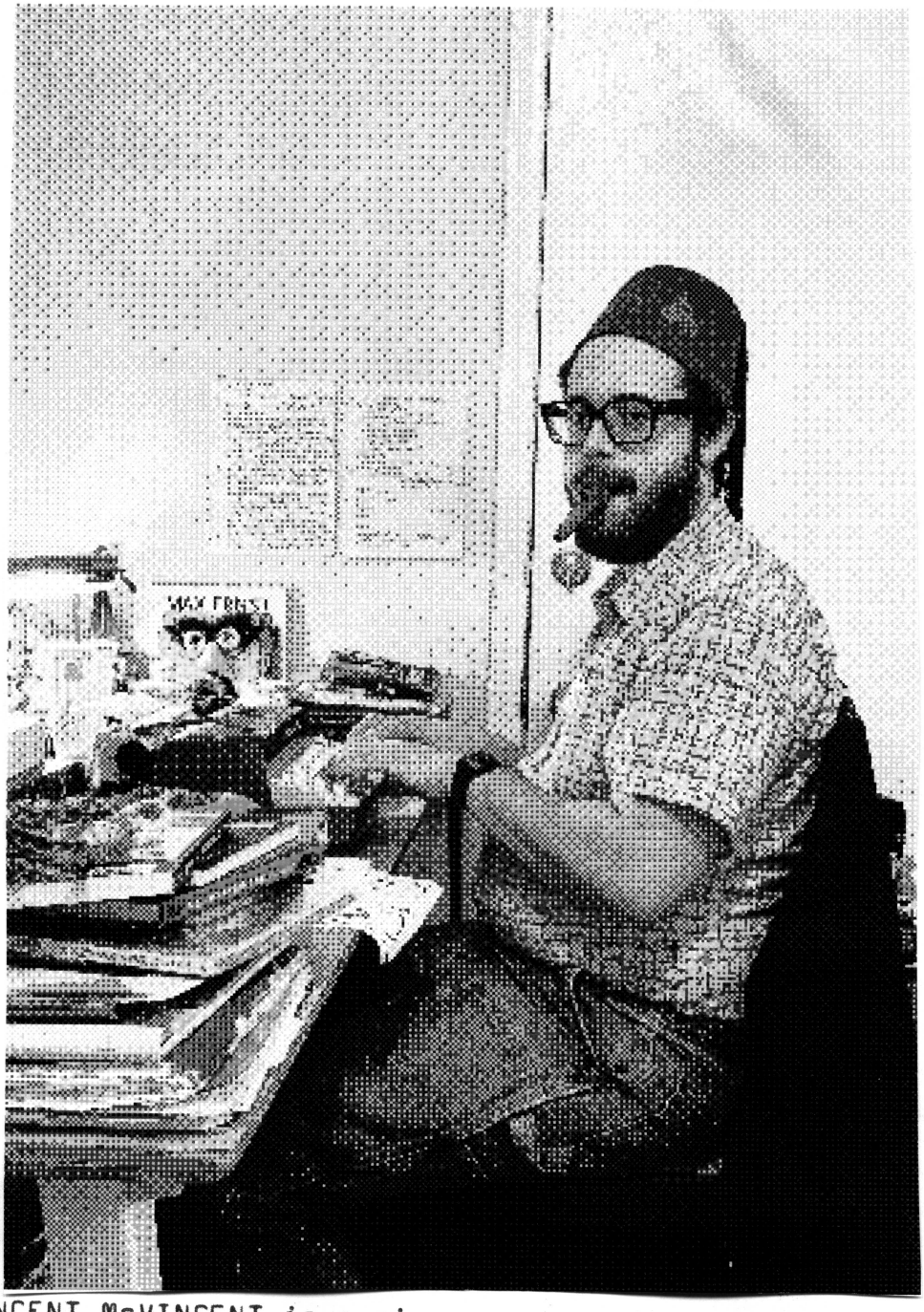
A NOSE FOR CRIME

JACK SCOTT
MONSTERS OF LATE-50's POP!
BOBBY VEE
FRANKIE Avalon

My stuffed animals are right, this cigar does make people forget how boring & tedious I am!
Hurrah, I say! HURRAH!!!


I never have to worry about skidmarks in my tighty-whities: I wipe until I bleed!

I'll shoot any man who prefers "Disenchantment" to "Futurama"!



VINCENT McVINCENT is a nincompoop scribbler currently residing in the Avenues neighborhood of Salt Lake City, Utah. When he isn't writing doggerel or drawing nonsense, he thoroughly enjoys the programs "H.R. Pufnstuf" and "Futurama." Also, if you're looking to play in the dumbest band in Salt Lake City, Vincent is seeking fellow ruckus makers. His specialty is the kazoo.

Thank you for perusing "Humdinger" #5! Happy trails!

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